

LE TOCSIN!
 OR THE
 ADDRESS
 OF
 CITIZEN FAMINE!!!
 TO THE
 OPPRESSORS
 OF HIS
 COUNTRY.

By A Friend to Liberty, Peace and Justice.

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ONE-PENNY.



LE TOCSIN!

OR *THE ADDRESS OF*

CITIZEN FAMINE.

KINGS ! Ministers ! Lords ! Commons ! and Pressgangs ;—By whatever denomination ye are known, Oh ! Oppressors, drop for a **Moment** the clamour of Corruption, and hearken to the Voice of Truth.

The past Ages of the World have been the Epochs of Theory, the present is an Age of practice, Men begin to act what they formerly thought, an unaccountable impulse urges the Arm to perform what the Heart dictates, and no sooner is Tyranny known, than the unanimous consent of Nations records it for destruction.

Beware then, the arm of vengeance shall not be torpid for ever ! Man supports oppression as long as his prejudices enable him, but when the increasing
Weight

Weight exceeds his strength, prejudice takes itself away, and the oppression is tumbled to the earth, you may make the Blind believe that there is no Sun, or that it is not at present visible; but you cannot persuade the awakened sight of Reason that it is only a Farthing candle, Aristocratically-lighted up, to illumine and benefit a few.

When Bread is wanting, and when Men are scarce, do not accuse Nature with sterility, do not libel Humanity so much by asserting that destruction is occasioned by the necessities of society; Society is sufficient for itself, it requires no aid, no Crowned Auxiliary, and it cannot be the cause of War or Misery, unless some *Extra* Monarchy disjoins the parts and disunites the members. War is the cause of Famine, and Courts are the authors of War, they write the History of man in letters of blood, and Death is their Historian! they thin the ranks of Life, they drive the Husbandman from the plough to the camp, and when Corn becomes scarce because the peasants cannot cultivate it; they exclaim! Nature has denied her increase, and men slaughter one another. Let us consider for a moment, if these things are true.

While a Commercial intercourse exists between the Nations of the Earth, no scarcity can arise to any nation, because the superfluity of one Country will always supply the deficiency of another, this commercial intercourse can only be impeded by the machinations of Tyrants! Tyrants are therefore the causes of Famine. Oh! ye oppressors of my country,

try, have you not violated the sacred rights of social commerce, and have you not by that means provoked a reciprocal injustice. If it was not enough to send our Brothers by thousands to their graves, and to make the Fields of Flanders smoke with the gore of our countrymen, surely it was an unpardonable excess of cruelty to invent a system of starvation! at once to depopulate the earth, to barrenize nature, and to invade those sacred rights of commerce which have hitherto distributed the effects of nature to all the Tenants of the Globe.

Thro' you, destructive wolves, our children cry in vain for that sustenance, which the forsaken mother is unable to give them. Thro' your arts, the last patience of human nature is exhausted, and while hunger impels the insulted Sons of poverty to desperation, the ruffians of war, shoot them like Dogs, and death finishes that long tale of lingering misery, which you Tyrants first began: Heavens! shall our existence be prolonged, only to make our sufferings the medium of your prosperity and pleasure, shall our scanty meals, and hard-earned morsels scarcely keep together the last remnants of a weary being, that you may wallow in Luxury, and tread with insolence upon the hands that feed you; No! No! if humanity is to fall, let it fall the Hero of nature, and let the dagger of vengeance be the trophy to celebrate the struggles of expiring Liberty, and adorn the sepulchre of virtue.

This may be the language of passion, but it is also the language of Truth; there are many truths disagreeable to Statesmen, and none more so than,
those

those which have an effect attached to the non-observance of them; patience appears to me a virtue, in proportion as avarice and ambition are German vices; Hanover is the Fountain-head of purgation, and Johnny Bull can evidence the effects of the German Spa. However let us remember, that, tho' it is the *interest* of Hanover to be the receiver of Gold, it is not his *interest* to take away our sheaves of Corn, since in that case it may be our *interest* to plant Hemp instead of Wheat.

Inform me great and awfull Justice! which is guilty, the Monarchs, Ministers, and Priests who advise destruction, and murder, and send our Corn and Cattle to feed the Whiskered Slaves of Austria; or the Peasant, Mechanic, or Laborer, who impelled by Natures appetites, snatches from the Contractor a morsel which they have not bought? who great Justice! deserves most to suffer from the Military Assassins of the day? Justice points to the Crown*, to the Robe of Office, and the Mitre, The Spade, the Anvil and the Loom are greater ornaments to life,—the Children of Nature use them,—and whatever Nature produces is their Heritage and Right.

It were well if your Red-coat Assassins would cease to murder for you, for then your Tyranny would cease to be. However the Soldier is not

* The real Cause of all our Grievances is the unfair and undue influence which the Crown exercises over the representative System, which at present is not obedient to the will, or speaks the language of the People. But speaks the language, and is obedient to the will of Placemen, Pensioners, Contractors and Borough Mongers.

the most faithful of your dogs, you feed him upon hard Crusts ! No sooner shall the People offer him a better meal, then he will desert from your Standard, and unite with the People.—Already the army is becomming enlightened, Gunpowder will soon be a useless material, and the Soldier will shortly be exalted from the state of a Slave into a Man.—Beware of that day when the Cap of Liberty shall be supported by those men, whom you now treat as Slaves ! it approaches, and Tyranny trembles at the quickness of the step ! Tyranny and Freedom have engaged in a race, Tyranny which at first gained upon humanity, thro' the violence of its progress, now grows weary, every nerve is exhausted, and leaning on a broken Sword, it scarcely pants along, while Freedom admit the shouts of Millions arrives triumphant at the Goal.

If this is not warning sufficient to you, apply your attention to the Vengeance which Public misery is preparing to shower on your heads, look at the scenes of Sorrow and Starvation, of which you are the cause, and see the victims of Famine, whom you have deprived of Bread and Cheese, feasting on the ideas of future Justice. Give them a Peace—Destroy your Monopolies Reform your Senates—Decline your Pensions—Disband your Associations, and then hoping for better days, the insulted World may relax its severity, and by comforting the existence of others, you may perpetuate your own.

There is one abuse remains *necessary* for to remark ; When a Country is not only harrassed by

by War, but also has its most valuable members torn one by one from its bosom without law, or necessity to authorise the outrage; that Country is absolved from the criminality of Rebellion—its vengeance is an *Act* of Justice—and to bear with the injury is to deprive Justice of her due. Nature calls upon Man to resist whenever his fellow being is cast into a Dungeon, or enrolled in the ranks of Death *contrary to his will*.—Detestable Dungeon Mongers! Horrid Death-hunters of Ambition! Cruel and insensible Grave-diggers of Tyranny! long enough has the imbecile Vengeance of an uninformed *Mob* destroyed your Windows, and demolished the painted Devices of your Palaces; but Vengeance will assume a more manly aspect. *Both Crimps and Crimp-Masters*, will personally feel the Tortures they have inflicted on others—the Skeliton which moulders in the bottom of your pestiferous Dens—the Ghosts of starved Recruits, and Murdered Soldiers, will one day or other rise in evidence against you, and command the Justice of the living, to retaliate the sorrows of the Dead.

Whenever the thunder of human Justice is collected in the recess of human Sorrow, it is no partial rod erected on the edifice of Tyranny that can divert the blow,—Exert your caution, make use of your Political Arithmetic and say if it is better to multiply human Sorrows, and divide social connections, or to reduce the sum of misery, and cast up the general account of our Liberties and Rights

Rights, consider well, with War, Famine and Oppression—come Discord, Vengeance and Destruction.—with Peace, Plenty and Principle,—come Life, Wealth and Security. Reflect seriously, give us **BREAD**, or the appetites of Nature will oblige us to devour you? cease to murder us with your **Military**, or the Bayonet that slew the unfortunate victims of hunger and Poverty, may also pierce the Flinty-heart of the wretch, whose being is the abuse of life, and whose Tyranny is a **Libel** upon the patience of **MAN**.

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